

## Sycophant

### My Ruin

One two Freddy's commin' for you,  
Three four better lock your door,  
Five six grab your crucifix...  
Something wicked this way comes  
Premeditated evil numbs  
Cartoon kids crayola smiles  
Children of the korn fed styles  
But I don't buy your lies  
I see through your disguise  
Don't feel your screams or cries why?

I'm sick of looking so sick I can't,  
I'm sick of the sycophant,  
Sick of listening so sick I can't,  
I'm sick of the sycophant.

I see you breathless and deranged  
A little girl who's acting strange  
Tryna scare us with your scream  
But it's all routine  
And all you do is take steal  
And imitate you are what you create  
You're fake

I barely recognise  
You in your new disguise  
Cosmetic covered eyes  
Just tell me why? Why? Why? Why?  
You put the make-up on,  
You take the make-up off  
Searching to be found  
But you're so fuckin' lost

Now the road to hell is paved with stones  
And some of those are fakes and clones  
Counterfeits which suck and bleed us  
Wearin' fuckin' adidas but something ain't just right,  
No substance only hype  
With faith you got the life that made you  
Rich and a punk ass bitch

Sick of you and anyone like you,  
Sometimes I think I've lost my mind  
Or else this whole world's blind!